

FRIENDS OF

MAX



YOU KNOW, MICKEY,  
SITTING UNDER THIS DANGEROUS  
PROPANE TANK IS KIND OF LIKE  
A SYMBOL OF OUR WHOLE  
RELATIONSHIP.

SHUT UP.

DANGER  
FLAMMABLE

HEY GANG,  
DO YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO READ A  
COMIC ABOUT EMOTIONAL JEOPARDY  
INSTEAD OF THAT TYPICAL PHYSICAL  
JEOPARDY CRAP?

# **image** COMICS PRESENTS:

FRIENDS OF



FEATURING  
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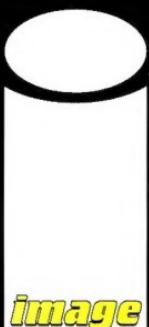
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# MICKEY!

MICKEY DRIVES A TOW TRUCK FOR HER DAD'S TOWING COMPANY. THAT'S HER WITH A CUSTOMER NOW.



THE ONLY THING WEIRD ABOUT MICKEY IS THE DOLL SHE BOUGHT THIS "INFLATABLE MAN" --NO, NOT THAT KIND!



MICKEY'S THE RELIABLE ONE. DOWN TO EARTH, PRACTICAL. SHE DOESN'T SEE HERSELF THAT WAY, THOUGH. I THINK SHE FEELS SHE HAS TO PROVE SHE'S OKAY, BECAUSE HER DAD TREATS HER LIKE SUCH A SCREW-UP! BUT SHE'S NOT!

I GUESS IT'S SO PEOPLE WILL THINK SHE'S NOT ALONE. YOU KNOW, LIKE A SAFETY THING. IN FACT, SHE CALLS IT "SAFETY BOB".



WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE SHE THINKS IT'S REAL OR ANYTHING...



BUT SOMETIMES I'D SWEAR IT'S (I MEAN, THIS IS STUPID, I KNOW)...



...IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN REPLACED.



SLAM!



I WORK AT A MISERABLE SHOP IN THE MAIL SELLING CHORD ORGANS STACKED IN ROWS LIKE CASKETS, TO BORED ZOMBIE CUSTOMERS WHO BARELY HAVE VERTEBRAE.

PLAY! PIANO

DUDE!

SO, DUDE,  
I SAW SOME  
PAINTINGS IN  
THE STORE  
ROOM--IS  
THAT YOUR  
STUFF?

YEAH, JOE, BUT IF  
YOU'RE JUST GONNA  
MAKE FUN OF WHAT YOU  
DON'T UNDERSTAND,  
FORGET IT!

HEY, I  
KNOW  
ABOUT ART.  
WHAT IS IT--  
CUBISM,  
FAVISM,  
NUDES?  
WHAT?

I WORK THERE  
WITH MY FRIEND  
JOE, WHO'S NOT  
MUCH OF A FRIEND,  
BUT THEN, IT'S NOT  
MUCH OF A JOB.

OH  
YEAH, LIKE ROY  
LICHENSTEIN,  
OR...UH, ANDY  
WAR-

CLOSE ENOUGH.  
BUT REMEMBER, THE  
ACTUAL MEDIUM I'M  
USING IS UNIQUE  
TOO!

WOOOSH!!!

OKAY,  
WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK?

HMM, IT LOOKS  
LIKE A PAGE OUT OF A  
CHILDREN'S  
COLORING BOOK, BUT  
PAINTED WITH...WITH...

OH, OKAY.  
WELL, IT'S A  
VERY GOOD  
CRAYON  
COLORING  
JOB.

WELL, I AM  
AN ADULT.  
WAIT A MINUTE,  
YOU'VE TRACED  
THIS OUT OF  
A COLORING  
BOOK...

...AND  
FAITHFULLY  
REPRODUCED  
EVERY CRUDE  
OVERSIMPLIFI-  
CATION.  
TRUE?

THAT'S  
THE POINT,  
IDIOT!

DUDE,  
HOW'RE  
THOSE BOOKS  
COMING?

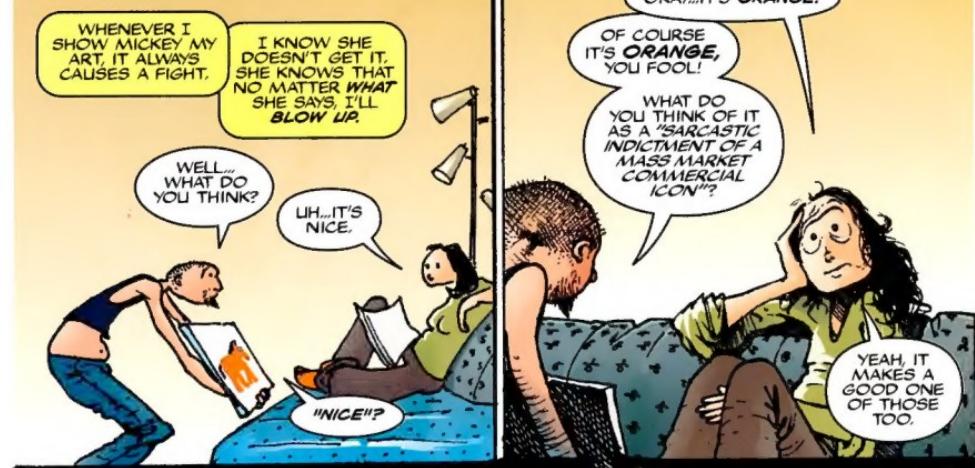
I'D AGREED TO DO  
THE BOOKKEEPING  
FOR THE BOSS, BUT  
HADN'T FOUND THE  
GLUTS TO TELL HIM I  
DIDN'T KNOW HOW.  
THIS WAS MY  
CHANCE...

...SO I  
BAILED.

AND OVERHEATED.

MY LIFE  
SUCKS.

I ONLY  
HAVE ONE  
ESCAPE...



AWW...C'MON. DON'T  
BE A "MR. SOUR-PUSS"!  
YOU'LL BE A FAMOUS  
ARTIST SOMEDAY.  
EVEN **SAFETY BOB**  
SAYS SO.

YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WITH SOME-  
BODY TOO LONG, WHEN THIS KIND OF  
TALK DOESN'T SOUND WEIRD ANYMORE.

MICKEY  
DREAMS OF  
**ESCAPE**  
ALSO.

HERS REVOLVE  
AROUND PAYING  
OFF THE 20  
THOUSAND HER  
DAD LOANED HER  
TO GO TO  
COLLEGE.

THE IRONY  
OF PAYING  
FOR A "HIGHER  
EDUCATION" BY  
DRIVING A TOW  
TRUCK IS NOT  
LOST ON HER.

SHE WANTS  
ME TO SELL THE  
HOUSE JUST TO  
PAY HER DEBT. THIS  
IS A SOURCE OF  
MAJOR FRICTION,  
BECAUSE...I WON'T.

MY  
FAVORITE  
LINE IS:

USED  
TOW TRUCK  
FOR SALE...  
HMM.

BUT IT'S MY  
HOUSE! HER  
DEBT!

I KNOW SHE  
FEELS THIS AS  
AN ENORMOUS  
REJECTION OF  
HER.

BUT IF SHE THINKS  
I'M GONNA GIVE  
UP MY LEVERAGE  
WITH HER...

...SHE'S A  
@#\$%&#@  
IDIOT!

I TELL HER  
THIS IN A  
**CLUMSY WAY**  
THAT HAS **LESS**  
TO DO WITH  
ILLUMINATION...

USED  
TOW TRUCK  
FOR SALE...  
HMM.

I KNOW SHE  
FEELS THIS AS  
AN ENORMOUS  
REJECTION OF  
HER.

BUT IF SHE THINKS  
I'M GONNA GIVE  
UP MY LEVERAGE  
WITH HER...

...SHE'S A  
@#\$%&#@  
IDIOT!

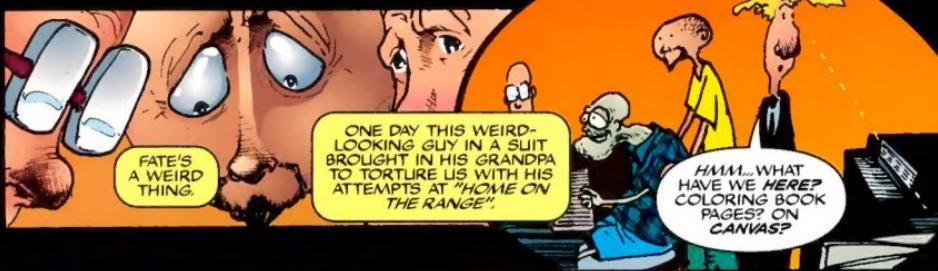
I TELL HER  
THIS IN A  
**CLUMSY WAY**  
THAT HAS **LESS**  
TO DO WITH  
ILLUMINATION...

...AND MORE TO  
DO WITH ME  
BEING PISSED  
ABOUT POKEY.

AND  
WE'RE  
OFF!

# DADDY





EVERYBODY'S GOT THEIR "DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS". MINE WAS THE MOUNTING DRAWER FULL OF BILLS AND PAST DUE MORTGAGE PAYMENTS I'D TAKEN OVER AFTER MICKEY MOVED BACK HOME.

I WAS IN OVER MY HEAD BUT DIDN'T WANT TO FACE IT. WHAT KIND OF GUY CAN'T HANDLE MONEY?

IT WAS TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL...

...AND IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO HIDE IT FROM HER.

THIS MACHINE MUST BE BROKEN. I DON'T EVEN KNOW 28 PEOPLE.

A WHILE BACK I SAW MICKEY ACCIDENTALLY FLUSH AN EXPENSIVE PEN NIB DOWN THE TOILET. SHE THINKS I DON'T KNOW, BUT SHE FEELS SO GUILTY. SHE'S BEEN COUGHING UP FAVORS WHENEVER I BRING IT UP.

HEY! WHY AM I DOING YOUR LAUNDRY WHEN I DON'T EVEN LIVE HERE?

BECALISE YOU WUV ME?

UH HUH.

HEY! GET YOUR BUTT OFF THAT COUCH AND HELP ME, OKAY?

OKAY...BE THERE IN A SEC.

DUDE, SOMETHING HAPPENED. YOU NEVER MADE IT.

VERY FUNNY.

C'MON, DUDE, DON'T MAKE ME SOUND LIKE A BITCH. GET YOUR @## IN HERE!

SORRY, MICKEY, I WAS JUST DISTRACTED LOOKING FOR THAT PEN NIB AGAIN. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HAVE FALLEN IN THE COUCH.

=SIGH=

TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL DO THE LAUNDRY TOMORROW IF YOU LET ME SLEEP OVER TONIGHT. HOW'S THAT SOUND?

GREAT!

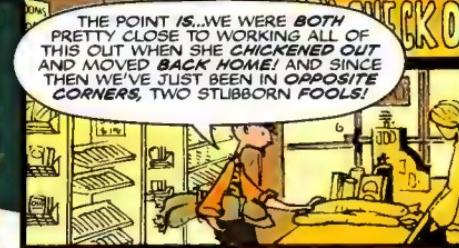
SCORE!

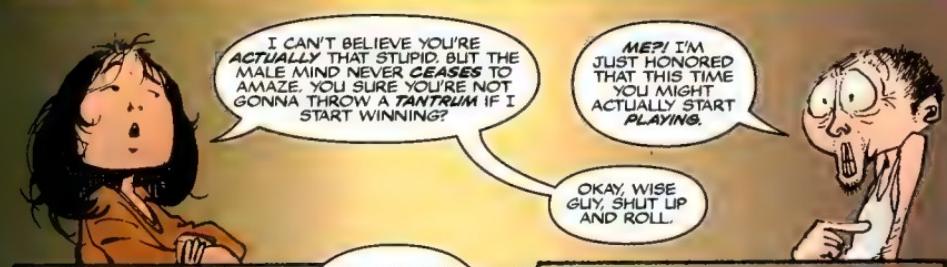
SO...

CLICK

IF YOU THINK YOUR STUPID NIB IS WORTH A FREE BOINK...GUESS AGAIN, BUB.







OKAY,  
WANNA TALK  
ABOUT **REAL**  
**LIFE?**

WHY DON'T WE  
START WITH THE  
HUGE STACK OF  
UNPAID BILLS YOU  
THINK IS SUCH A  
@#% SECRET  
SITTING ON YOUR  
DESK? HUH?

I MAY HAVE  
FORGOTTEN TO PAY SOME  
BILLS, BUT **YOU'RE PATHETIC,**  
**MICKEY.** WITH EVERY ACTION  
YOU PROVE YOUR DAD WAS  
RIGHT. **YOU'RE A LITTLE**  
**GIRL IN A GROWN**  
**WOMAN'S BODY.**

LITTLE MICKEY  
MADE A **MESS.**  
**MICKEY THE SCREWUP.**  
**DADDY'S LITTLE**  
**PIGLET.**

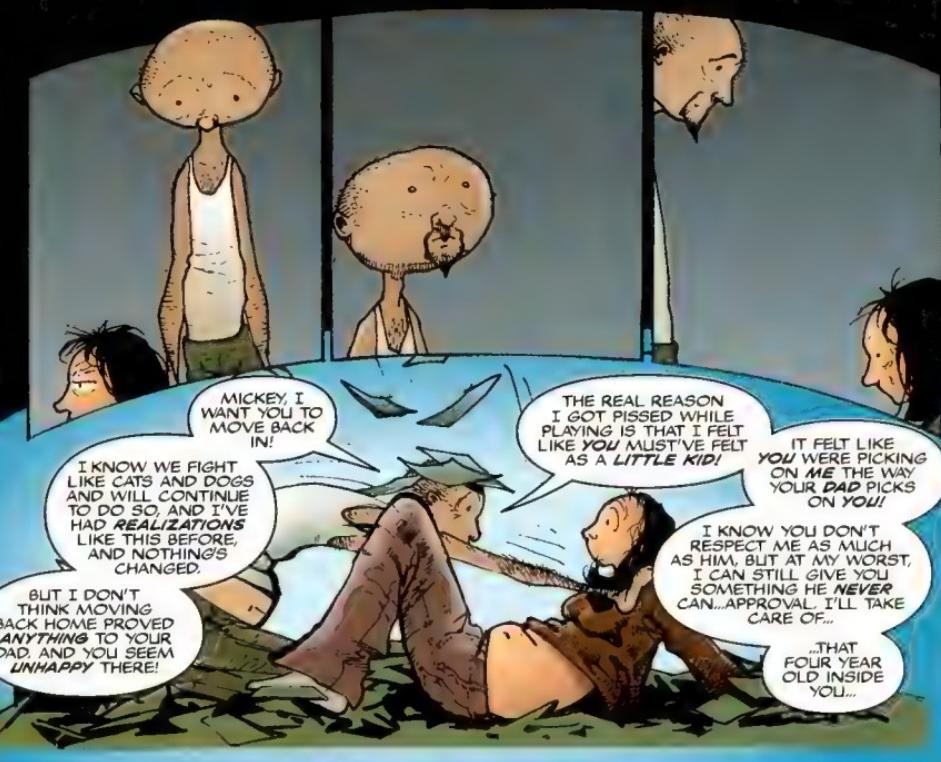
**FINE**

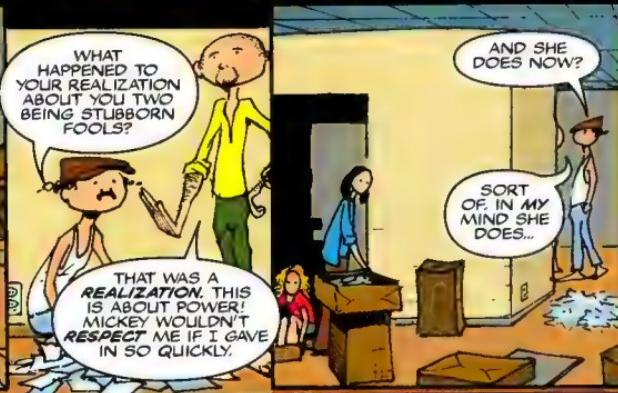
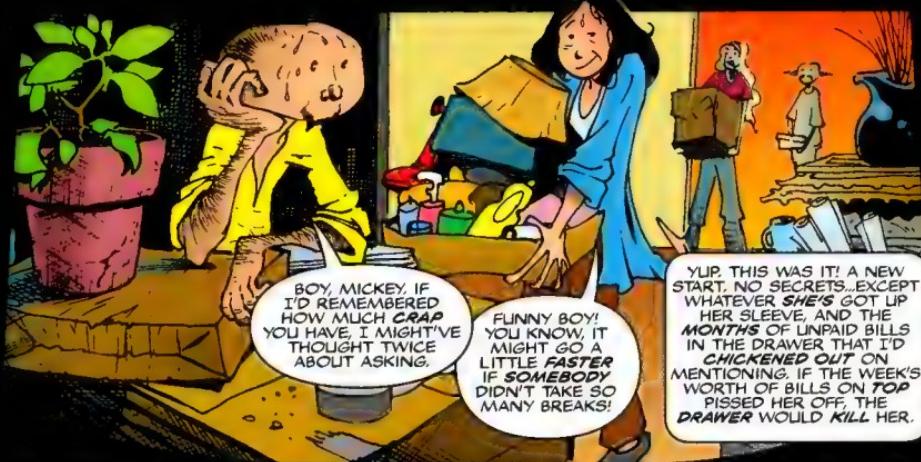
IT'S OKAY,  
MICKEY. I KNOW  
EXACTLY HOW YOU  
FEEL...CMON,  
LET'S...

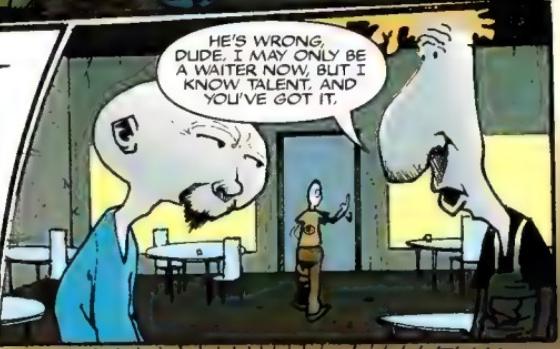
WILL EVERYONE  
STOP TELLING ME  
HOW I FEEL?

**PLOR!**

OKAY, SEE YOU GUYS LATER. WE'LL DO IT AGAIN REAL SOON.







SHE DID IT AGAIN! WHY  
DOESN'T SHE PULL ALL THE  
WAY UP TO THE CAR IN  
FRONT? THERE MUST BE  
TEN FEET WE'RE WASTING!  
I BET THE CARS BEHIND US  
ARE BACKED UP TOO!

AFTER ALL--IF  
I TRUST HER  
ENOUGH TO  
LET HER  
DRIVE...

I SHOULD  
TRUST HER  
ABILITY TO  
MAKE  
DECISIONS...

...NO MATTER  
HOW STUPID  
OR IDIOTIC...

LOOK AT THAT!  
SHE'S JUST  
WAITING FOR  
ME TO BLOW  
MY TOP! WELL,  
FORGET IT!

THIS IS ONE OF  
THOSE TIMES WHEN  
I'M GOING TO HAVE  
A REALIZATION THAT  
IT'S HER BUSINESS  
HOW SHE DRIVES--  
NOT MINE.

IT'S JUST TEN  
FEET...IT'S JUST  
TEN FEET...IT'S JUST  
TEN FEET

WILL YOU  
@#%&@# PULL  
UP TO  
@#%&@# FOR  
@#%&@#????!!!

WAS THAT A  
SENTENCE? I  
DON'T THINK  
IT WAS.

'CAUSE IF IT  
WAS, SOMEBODY'S  
UNDERMINING  
EVERYTHING HE  
PROMISED TO ME  
WHEN HE ASKED  
ME TO MOVE IN  
LAST WEEK.

I FOUND YOUR  
LITTLE SECRET.  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
THIS MEANS,  
DON'T YOU?

THE DRAWER, SHE  
FOUND ALL 3 MONTHS  
OF FINAL NOTICE PAST  
DUE, MORTGAGE, GAS,  
ELECTRIC, THE WORKS!

SHE'S BEEN TOYING  
WITH ME. NOW IT'S  
ALL GOING TO COME  
OUT! WELL, AT LEAST  
IT'S OVER. AT LEAST  
SHE KNOWS.

I'M  
SORRY.

SO YOU  
ADMIT IT?

WHAT?

THROWING OUT  
THE OLD ANSWERING  
MACHINE BEHIND MY  
BACK. AM I SUCH A  
BITCH THAT YOU CAN'T  
TELL ME YOU WANT  
A NEW ONE? YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO LIE.  
IT'S JUST ME.

I WAS  
SURE THAT  
SHE KNEW.

NOW, WHAT HAVE WE  
LEARNED FROM ALL THIS?  
I THOUGHT I DID A GOOD  
JOB OF KEEPING MY COOL  
WHEN YOU TRIED TO "FORM  
A SENTENCE". SO THIS  
THING DIDN'T ESCALATE  
INTO A BIGGER FIGHT.

AND I LEARNED  
THAT THE MORE TIGHTLY  
I REPRESS MY ANGER, THE  
HARDER IT IS TO FORM  
SENTENCES, AND TO NOT  
GO BEHIND THE OTHER  
PERSON'S BACK.

I MEAN, MORE THAN  
ANYTHING IN THE WORLD YOU  
USED TO BELIEVE THAT SELLING  
THE HOUSE WAS YOUR ONLY WAY  
OUT. BUT NOW YOU REALIZE  
THAT EVEN IF YOU SOLD IT, IT  
WOULDN'T MATTER BECAUSE  
YOU NEED TO PAY OFF YOUR OWN  
DEBT, YOURSELF! AT LEAST  
YOU'VE COME THAT FAR. I'M  
STILL SNEAKING AROUND...  
SORRY, HON.

S'OKAY.

MICKEY, IF YOU DON'T CLEAN YOUR ROOM, I'LL TAKE BACK YOUR TRUCK -FOR GOOD.

DAD, I MOVED OUT, REMEMBER?

OH... YEAH.

HE'S GETTING WORSE.

HE'S ONLY 56, ALICE! HE'S NOT SENILE, JUST STUPID.

YOU SHOULD TALK! GETTING BACK WITH MR. LOSER! LITTLE MICKEY DOES IT AGAIN!

IN MOST FAMILIES BEING THE YOUNGEST MEANS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER. BUT IN OURS IT MEANS HAVING TO LISTEN TO WHAT EVERYBODY THINKS IS WRONG WITH MY BOYFRIEND.

THE PROBLEM WITH DUDE IS--

LOOK! YOU WANT TO KNOW THE PROBLEM WITH BOTH OF US? AND DON'T INTERRUPT! DUDE'S ANGRY AND FRUSTRATED BECAUSE HE FEELS LIKE A POWERLESS CHILD. I'M EASY TO BLAME, BECAUSE I MAKE MORE MONEY, HAVE A JOB THAT'S "MANLY", AND I DON'T PUT UP WITH HIS CRAP...BUT HE KNOWS IN HIS HEART THAT BLAMING ME IS THE EASY WAY OUT. HE'S GOT A BAD HABIT OF PUTTING ME IN THE MOTHER ROLE BY AVOIDING BILLS AND NOT DOING HOUSEWORK--THEN GETTING ANGRY IF I DON'T SAVE HIM AND DOUBLY ANGRY IF I DO! I ALSO THINK HE UNDERMINES MY ATTEMPTS TO BE IRRESPONSIBLE OR CHILDLIKE BECAUSE HE EXPECTS ME TO DO THE DIRTY WORK WHILE HE PLAYS. I, ON THE OTHER HAND, NEED TO STOP SILENTLY ENCOURAGING DUDE TO BE THE "DREAMY-CHILDLIKE-ARTIST" WHO NEEDS HIS BUTT WIPE. THE SAME WAY DAD TREATED ME. AT HOME I'M ALWAYS SCREWING UP, BUT AROUND DUDE I SEEM RESPONSIBLE AND ADULT. THE WAY TO REALLY BE AN ADULT IS NOT TO KEEP RESCUING AND BELITTLED DUDE, BUT TO PAY OFF MY OWN DEBTS, STOP BLAMING DAD, STOP KICKING DUDE, AND HOLD MYSELF ACCOUNTABLE.



I STILL SAY HE'S A LOSER. LITTLE MICKEY SCREWS UP--

MY PROBLEM WITH DUDE IS--

YOU HANG OUT OVER THERE SO MUCH, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE HIM.

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

WELL, IT FINALLY HAPPENED. THE MANAGER PUT A TABLE IN THE CORNER OF MY THREE PAINTINGS.

NOW YOU HAVE TO AWKWARDLY STAND OVER THE PEOPLE SITTING THERE TO SEE 'EM. OH WELL, AT LEAST THEY'RE THERE.

DUDE! GREAT NEWS!

WHAT?

WE'RE NO LONGER IN THE CORNER.

NOW WE HAVE THE WHOLE WALL! YA KNOW, DUDE, I'VE BEEN LOOKING INTO RENTING A REAL SPACE WE COULD SHOW YOUR ARTWORK AT. BUT FOR NOW, THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.

OH, AND BY THE WAY, I GOT YOU A SHOW. WELL CLOSE DOWN THE COFFEE SHOP SATURDAY NIGHT AND MAKE HIM A GALLERY.

HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH STRONG PIECES TO FILL THIS PLACE?

DUDE...? ARE YOU OKAY?

OH, AND YOU KNOW THAT PAINTER IN TOWN? THE ONE WHO PAINTS PIES?

WAYNE T'PAUL? HE'S MY BIGGEST INFLUENCE. HE'S A GOD.

WELL I USED TO DATE HIS POEM MAN'S SISTER...AND I PULLED A FEW STRINGS AND I GOT HIS NUMBER AND SENT HIM SLIDES OF YOUR WORK.

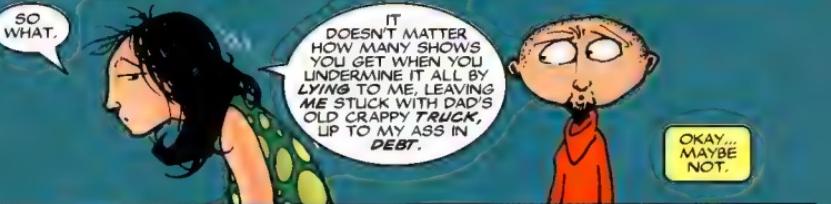
MAYBE IF HE LIKES 'EM, HE COULD COME TO THE OPENING. WE COULD USE SOME CLOUT. IF I COULD JUST GET A PARTNER I COULD OPEN MY OWN GALLERY.

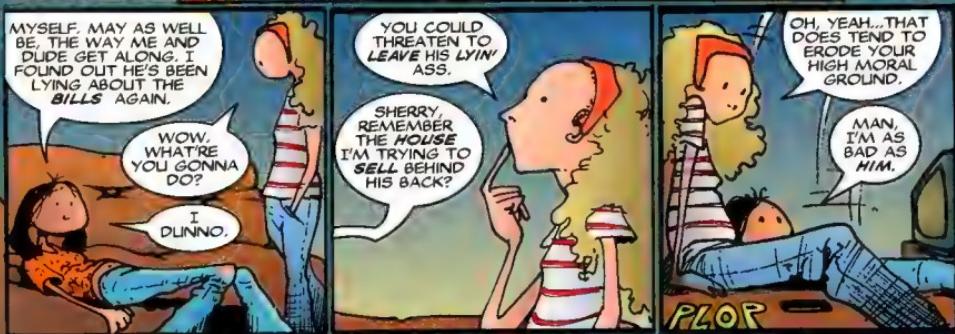
SID, IF YOU'RE MY FRIEND, YOU'LL GIVE ME THAT NUMBER, PLEASE. WAYNE T'PAUL IS MY IDOL. I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM. IF HE LIKES MY WORK, THAT COULD CHANGE MY WHOLE LIFE. PEOPLE LISTEN TO THIS GUY.

OK, DUDE. BUT DON'T PUT TOO MUCH INTO THIS ONE GUY. THE SHOW WILL BE A HIT ANYWAY.

MICKEY? I'VE GOT GREAT NEWS! I'LL BE HOME IN HALF AN HOUR.







MY OWN CRAP WAS CATCHING UP WITH ME -- AND FAST, AND NOT JUST AT HOME...

WHAT DID I DO TO YOU TO DESERVE THIS? WHEN I ASKED YOU, YOU TOLD ME YOU COULD HANDLE THE BOOKS AND ACCOUNTING, REMEMBER?

WHAT'S WRONG?!

WHAT'S WRONG?! I'M BEING AUDITED! AND THE IRS GUY DOESN'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL HIM I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO HIRE SOMEBODY WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING! IF YOU'D JUST BE MAN ENOUGH TO TELL ME YOU'RE IN OVER YOUR HEAD, INSTEAD OF JUST--

HEY -- WHERE YOU GOING? THAT'S RIGHT! GO ON! WHO NEEDS YOU!! GET OUT!



YOUR ASS IS SO FIRED! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A WORTHLESS LOSER!

I TOLD MYSELF I WASN'T FIRED -- I QUIT! WHO NEEDS THAT CRAPPY JOB ANYWAY? BESIDES, AFTER THE SHOW, EVERYBODY'D SEE I WASN'T A JOKE. THAT'S WHAT I TOLD MYSELF. BUT DOWN IN MY GUT I KNEW OTHERWISE.

OH WELL, AT LEAST THAT NIGHT I FINALLY GOT THROUGH TO MY IDOL



YES, MR. TIPAU, YOU'RE MY IDOL. IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO UNDERSTANDS WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO, IT'S YOU. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY WORK?

YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT TO HEAR THIS?

YES.

OK. TO BEGIN WITH, YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA OF WHY THE ARTISTS YOU EMULATE DO WHAT THEY DO. PEOPLE LIKE ROSENQUIST, LICHTENSTEIN AND OLDENBURG PAINT ORDINARY OBJECTS AND POP ICONS AS A REJECTION OF OTHER ARTISTS LIKE DE KOONING AND ROTHKO! YOUR GENERATION THINKS IT CAN JUMP ON BOARD AND COPY ARTISTS LIKE THAT, WHICH IS WHAT YOU HAVE HERE. A CHILD'S VERSION OF THESE WOULD BE PREFERABLE BECAUSE AT LEAST THAT WOULD BE OF PURE SPIRIT AND INSPIRATION.

WHATEVER YOUR INTENTIONS, I BEG YOU --

-- QUIT PAINTING WITH CRAYONS AND PURSUE ANOTHER LINE OF WORK, IMMEDIATELY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

CLICK







"SO WHAT!"  
SID SAID. "SCREW  
WAYNE T'PAU. THESE  
ARE WHO MATTER!  
THE PEOPLE!!"

THIS IS IT, THE BIG OPENING NIGHT.  
SID HAD TAKEN ALL THE TABLES OUT  
OF COFFEE CITY, AND FOR TONIGHT  
AT LEAST, IT WAS THE CLOSEST  
THING I WAS GONNA GET TO BEING  
IN A *REAL* GALLERY.

UNFORTUNATELY, WHAT PASSES FOR  
CRITICS IN THIS TOWN ARE THE SAME  
PRETENTIOUS WEIRDOS WHO COME HERE  
FOR COFFEE IN THE DAYTIME. I DON'T LIKE  
OR RESPECT ANY OF THEM, YET THEY  
HOLD MY LIFE IN THEIR HANDS, WITH  
WHAT THEY THINK!

IT WAS OVER A HALF  
HOUR BEFORE IT STARTED.  
THE SHOW WAS A TOTAL  
BOMB. NO ONE EVEN  
FAKED POLiteness. WORD  
GOT AROUND PRETTY QUICK  
THAT I WAS THE ARTIST, AND  
PEOPLE AVOIDED EYE CONTACT.

BUT I CALCED A  
FEW WORDS LIKE  
EMBARRASSING,  
SOPHOMORIC, AND  
RIDICULOUS.

I COULD SEE MY  
WHOLE LIFE CRUMBLE  
BEFORE MY EYES. I  
SAW MICKEY LEAN  
OVER ME AND SAY:

THIS PROBABLY  
ISN'T A GOOD TIME, BUT...  
YESTERDAY...I SORT OF...WELL,  
"SMASHED UP" YOUR MOPED.  
WHEN I WENT TO SEE DADDY,  
IT'S TRASHEE, NOW, BEFORE  
YOU START IN ON ME --

NOBODY HAS  
TIMING LIKE  
MICKEY. NOBODY.

IT'S OK,  
DUDE. NOBODY BUYS  
ANYTHING AT THE OPENING.  
THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN  
ARE *IGNORANT* ANYWAY.  
I BELIEVE YOU ARE A *GREAT*  
ARTIST. HISTORY WILL  
BEAR ME OUT.

MY GOD, HE'S  
MORE OUT OF  
TOUCH THAN ME.

THANKS,  
SID.

MICKEY, I  
DIDN'T TELL YOU,  
BUT REMEMBER THAT  
ARTIST THAT'S MY  
IDOL? WELL, I SENT HIM  
MY WORK AND HE  
PROPHESIED THIS *WHOLE*  
EVENT. HE KNEW IT  
WAS GARBAGE AND  
HE KNEW IT'D  
FAIL.

AWWW,  
I'M SORRY,  
HONEY. I HAD  
NO IDEA, YOU  
POOR GUY...

NO  
WONDER  
YOU RUSHED  
RIGHT OUT AND  
STUPIDLY BOUGHT  
THAT SILLY MOPED  
WITHOUT  
CHECKING  
WITH ME!

AND  
THAT ARTIST GUY  
YOU USED TO LIKE, HE  
DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'!  
IS HE THE ONE THAT  
PAINTS SPAGHETTI OR  
BOMBER PLANES?

LOOK DUDE,  
I LOVE YOU.  
AND I DON'T WANT  
TO SEE YOU KEEP  
GETTING HURT. SO  
I'M GOING TO ASK  
A REALLY BRUTAL  
QUESTION.

WHY  
DO YOU INSIST  
ON PAINTING IN  
THIS CHILDISHLY  
STUPID  
STYLE?

YOU  
REALLY  
BELIEVE IT'S  
STUPID?

SIGH  
WHAT DO I  
KNOW?

I JUST  
WISH EVERYONE  
**ELSE** DIDN'T THINK SO.  
IF YOU COULD JUST  
FIND ONE OTHER GUY  
WHO DOESN'T THINK  
IT'S NUTS.

HOW  
ABOUT  
SID?

LOOK--  
I DON'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT ART--  
MAYBE YOU ARE GREAT. IT'S JUST PAINFUL FOR BOTH OF  
US TO SEE YOU CREATE  
SOMETHING THAT  
NOBODY WANTS  
TO LOOK AT.

WHY DO  
YOU CLING TO  
THIS ONE WAY OF  
MAKING A LIVING AND  
BEING RESPECTED --  
WHEN NO ONE ELSE  
RESPECTS IT? WHY  
CRAYONS? COULDN'T  
IT BE OILS OR  
ACRYLICS OR EVEN  
WATERCOLORS?

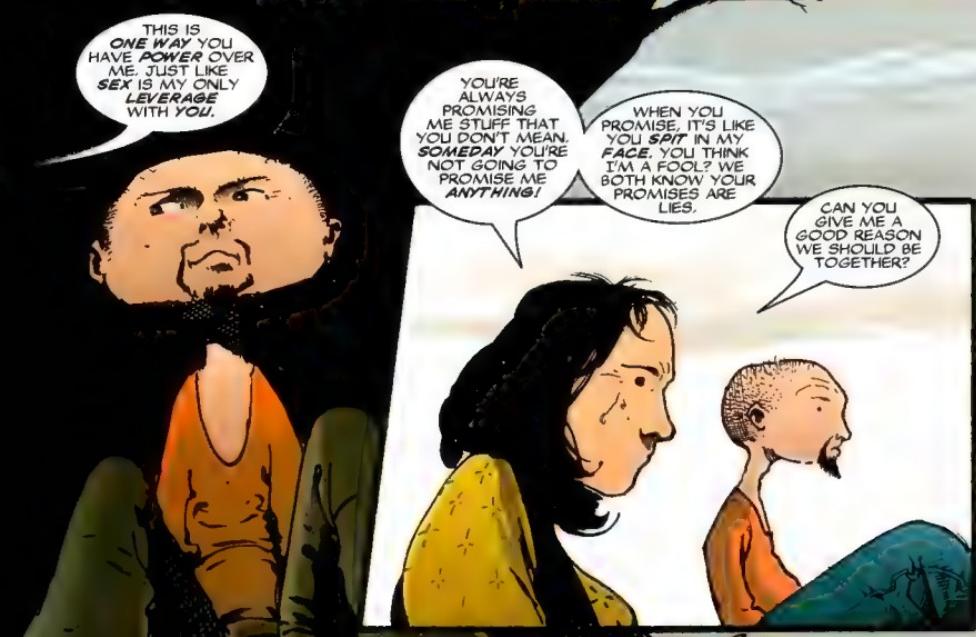
I DON'T KNOW. EVER SINCE I WAS  
A LITTLE KID, THERE WAS SOMETHING  
ABOUT CRAYONS -- THE SMELL WHEN  
YOU OPEN A FRESH BOX -- THE SECRET  
LITTLE SHARPENER IN THE  
BACK.

I KNEW, IF I  
COULD JUST FIND  
A WAY FOR OTHER  
PEOPLE TO RESPECT  
THIS AS A FORM  
OF ART, THEN IT  
WOULD VALIDATE  
MY WHOLE LIFE.  
I WOULDN'T BE  
JUST SOME FREAK  
WHO COLORED  
BUT A GUY WHO  
FOLLOWED  
PICASSO,  
WHO SAID--

I  
KNOW, I  
KNOW,  
YOU'VE TOLD ME  
A THOUSAND  
TIMES.

--WHO  
SAID--"IT TOOK  
ME MY WHOLE LIFE  
TO LEARN TO DRAW  
AS A CHILD."







WELL...  
THERE'S THE  
ANSWER.





I WISH I COULD GET THE SMELL OF BREAD OUT OF THIS SWEATER.

SHE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING PERSONAL. JUST THAT SHE DIDN'T MOVE BACK IN WITH HER DAD--BUT SHE HASN'T TOLD ANYBODY WE SPLIT, AND COULD I MEET HER AT THEIR HOUSE FOR THANKSGIVING SO THEY DON'T HAVE TO FIND OUT...

WELL, AT LEAST THAT WON'T BE AWKWARD. BUT I WROTE BACK, AND SAID YES.



I KNOW MICKEY'S DOING FINE WITHOUT ME. I'VE LOST MY JOB, I HAVEN'T PAINTED ANYTHING IN MONTHS, AND ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS HER. I BLEW IT. I FEEL TOTALLY NAKED AND EXPOSED.



MICKEY WAS LIKE A PART OF ME. LIKE MY SPLEEN. I MISS MY SPLEEN.

I'VE POURED OUT MY GLUTS TO SID SO MUCH, I THINK HE'S SICK OF ME.

I DESERVE EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME.

SID SAYS I NEED TO HAVE A LIFE OUTSIDE OF MY RELATIONSHIP.

HE SAYS IF I CAN COME UP WITH THE CASH, WE CAN START OUR OWN GALLERY WHERE WE CAN SHOW WHAT WE WANT.

I GUESS SO. WHATEVER.



ALL I KNOW IS...



...I'D GIVE ANYTHING...



...FOR ANOTHER CHANCE.

I MET MICKEY JUST DOWN THE STREET FROM HER DAD'S HOUSE AND WE WALKED UP TOGETHER.

I WAS A LITTLE EMBARRASSED THAT I MISSED HER MORE THAN SHE MISSED ME IN FACT, SHE LOOKED FINE!

DUDE, I WON'T LIE TO YOU SINCE WE SPLIT I'VE BEEN A MESS.

THANK GOD.

AND I APPRECIATE YOU GOING ALONG HERE, BUT MY SCABS ARE JUST STARTING TO HEAL, AND I'M JUST STARTING TO GET MY LIFE BACK ON TRACK, SO DON'T TRY AND WEASEL YOUR WAY BACK IN--OKAY?

HEY BABE, DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF. I'M NOT THE ONE WHO CAME CRAWL--

CRAWL? CRAWL?! WHY YOU--

MICKEY, DUDE, COME IN!

OKAY, LET'S JUST GET THROUGH THIS.

FINE BY ME.

ME, TOO.

OKAY,  
GREAT.  
OH, GROW UP,  
MAKE ME.

AND SO IT WENT, UNTIL WE RAN OUT OF INSULTS, GORGED OURSELVES ON CARBOHYDRATES AND FRIED FOODS, THEN SAT AROUND FAZING IN AND OUT OF VARIOUS FOOTBALL GAMES. WE BOTH HAD OUR FILL OF FAMILY.

WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE?

YEAH, FOLLOW ME.

THERE'S GOT TO BE ONE ROOM THAT'S NOT CRAWLING WITH RELATIVES.

TRY THERE.

COOL! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL TO YOURSELF!

LUCKY ME.

C'MON, MICKEY, THE KITCHEN'S THE PERFECT PLACE TO GET AWAY FROM EVERYONE, SPILL OUR GUTS ABOUT HOW SORRY WE ARE, AND HOW MUCH WE REALLY MISS EACH OTHER, THEN EAT A BUNCH OF ICE CREAM.

OH, SO WE'RE SUPPOSED TO LIE. WELL, YOU'RE THE EXPERT THERE, BLUB.

OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A PROMISE...

**WHUMP**

...YOU CAN BREAK!

SCREW IT. LET'S JUST CUT TO THE ICE CREAM.

YEAH, BUT WE'RE NOT DONE WITH ME YET...

DID YOU SEE 'EM? I THINK THEY'RE IN THE KITCHEN.

SHHH.

HEY, I'VE STILL GOT REASONS TO BE PISSED AT YOU, TOO, YOU KNOW.

NOW WE'RE BEING HUNTED.

SO THAT WAY, MAYBE IF WE KEEP LOW, WE'LL MAKE IT OUT WITH OUR HIDES INTACT. REMEMBER THE DINNER PARTY?

THEY'RE GONNA EAT US, TOO?  
WITH MY FAMILY, YOU NEVER KNOW...



A SECOND MORTGAGE ISN'T A WAY OUT...BUT IT'S AN INVESTMENT IN BOTH OUR DREAMS. SID'S INHERITED SOME MONEY, AND HE WANTS TO BE MY PARTNER AND OWN A GALLERY TOGETHER. IF I CAN'T MAKE A LIVING PAINTING, AT LEAST I CAN DO THIS. AND YOU CAN BUY YOUR OWN TRUCK, PAY OFF DAD -- ALL OF IT.

THIS NEW SIDE OF YOU KIND OF THROWS ME. IT'S LIKE ALL THIS TIME, I'VE BEEN PUSHING UP AGAINST THIS "WALL". WANTING THE HOUSE --

-- AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, I FALL TO THE GROUND, AND IT'S NOT THERE.

I LOVE YOU. I WANT YOU TO MOVE BACK IN WITH ME. HERE'S WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER--I'LL TELL YOU IF I'VE REALLY PAID THE BILLS, IF I WILL OR WON'T HELP WITH THE LAUNDRY, AND IF I'M REALLY WORKING OR NOT!

YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE SOME OF THE ANSWERS -- BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL KNOW THE TRUTH.

I FEEL THAT YOU REALLY MEAN IT. BUT HOW DO I KNOW FOR SURE?

**FLUSH!**

UH... THAT WASN'T IT.

SHHH. STOP TALKING.

FEELING YOUR SINCERITY KIND OF TURNS ME ON. I THINK YOU'RE ON A ROLL, KEEP GOING.

HOW 'BOUT THIS: "I REALLY LIKE YOUR FAMILY."

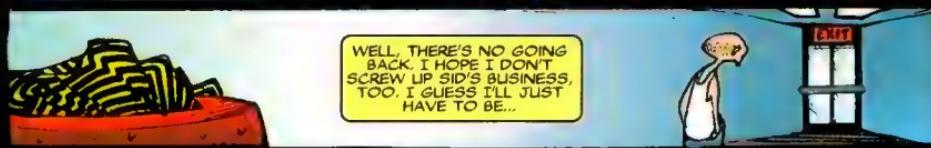
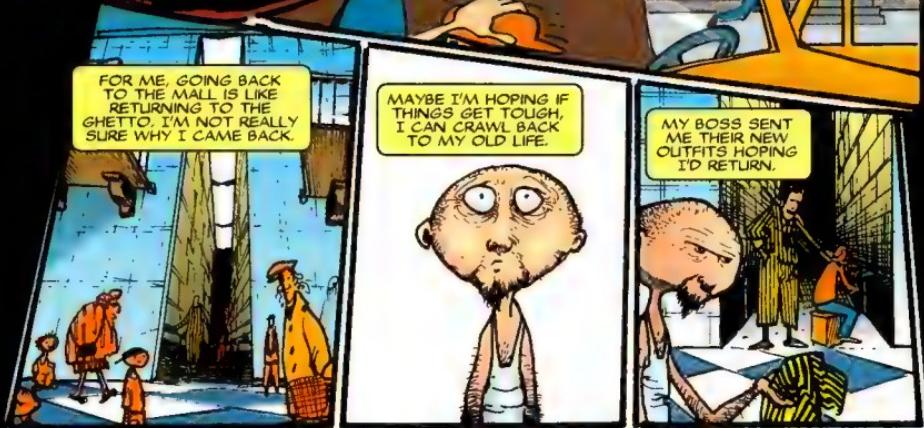
NOW, THAT FEELS LIKE BULLSH\*T.

WELL, I DIDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT YOU.

WELL, AT LEAST THEY'VE STOPPED BICKERING.

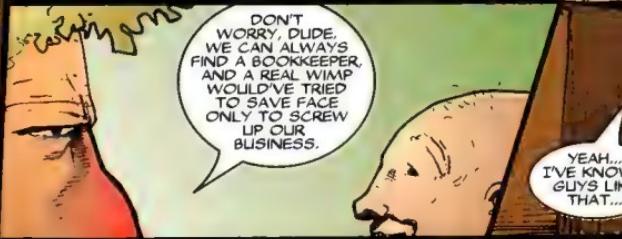
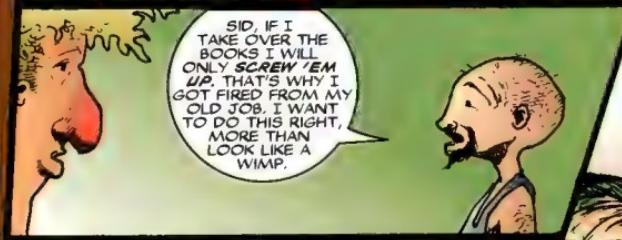














# THE BIG STRIP

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT--WE BOTH TAKE OUR ADDICTIONS--



WHATEVER, YOUR DOLL, MY CRAYONS, AND SYMBOLICALLY THROW THEM OVER A CLIFF, THEREBY RELEASING US OF OUR OLD HABITS.









ME EITHER. LOOK, I LOVE YOU, MICKEY, AND I KNOW WE CAME UP HERE TO LEAVE OUR ADDICTIONS BEHIND...BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...







NO,  
FALSE  
ALARM.

REMEMBER  
THE FIRST TIME  
WE CAME OUT  
HERE. 'MEMBER  
WHAT WE  
DID?

YOU MEAN  
PASSED OUT  
FROM BEING  
OVERWHELMED BY  
THAT PROPANE  
LEAK?

OK, THE  
SECOND  
TIME.

OH,  
YEEAAAH.

IT WAS VERY  
ROMANTIC, MATTED  
GRASS AND THE  
SMELL OF FRESH  
BREAD.

YEAH, YOU  
KNOW FOR THE  
LONGEST TIME,  
WHEN I PASSED  
A SANDWICH  
SHOP, I'D GET  
A CHUBBY.

DUDE!  
YOU'RE  
SICK.

# ODD MAN OUT!



# BONE



BY JEFF SMITH

**BONE #25 on sale in July 1996**

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ULTRA-ACTION  
**MAXX**  
FIGURE

ONE ISZ  
AND A  
PANGAEA  
HEAD-DRESS  
INCLUDED!



F R O N T  
**MICHAELANGELO**  
TOYS™

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